

he made an appointment on the frontier of Ohio. When the day arrived, and the celebrated preacher at the end of his long journey reached the appointed place, he found a solitary hearer in a rude log house. Nothing daunted, Mr. Beecher took for his text: "Thou art the man," and preached at his customary length and with his well known power. That solitary hearer was converted by that sermon, and afterwards became a great evangelist thru out all the wilderness of Ohio, gospelizing and civilizing the rude frontier life. Despise not the day of small things, particularly of small congregations. A Scotch pastor was almost utterly discouraged by the meager results of his ministry, his few listeners, and the notable absence of converts. One day after a service which seemed to be more barren than any before it, and the despairing preacher was tempted to give up, and retire altogether from his work, he was approached by a little red headed boy, accounted dull and unpromising in the parish, who asked the way of salvation. That boy was David Livingston, the pioneer explorer and missionary of Africa. To guide that boy to Christ, and direct his footsteps toward the extraordinary career of his after life was enough to justify the life work of any one man. Do well thy work. There is none who can tell whether it will be great or small. However limited the arena, however narrow may seem the field, if the work is done in greatness of spirit, greatness of love, greatness of consecration, it will not be less than great in its results. Whenever we are tempted to be discouraged by small congregations, let us think of the old Puritan divine who wrote as follows: "When I address a large congregation, I remember that God is there, and that makes it small. When I address a small congregation, I remember that God is there, and that makes it great."

Brief Notes

When Passion called, Reason was "not at home."

Ought we to pity a man who has just enough religion to make him miserable?

Wanted: A genuine case of "the joy which is unspeakable and full of glory."

"How can I make my religion attractive to sinners?" You will probably not succeed in making your religion attractive to anybody. Try a different brand.

If there was as much idleness in business as there is in religion, there would be such a famine as you never read about.

"Why is it that in my Christian experience I seem to make so little progress?" Perhaps the infant has never been taught to walk.

Like showers upon the thirsty soil are the seasons of refreshing that come from the presence of the Lord. And even the dumb corn looks glad and waves back to the clouds its gratitude and thanksgiving.

Clear spiritual vision is certain to come to the man who is willing to see himself as God sees him. And

another thing is apt to come: A most astounding revolution in that man's inner and outer life.

If we could always and steadfastly remain at peace in regard to all that is beyond our power,—all circumstances, providences, the record of the past and the events of the future,—we would soon be conscious of an increasing endowment of strength and wisdom with which to grapple successfully with the problems of the present.

If church people were as zealous for the internals of religion as they are for the externals, Jacob's ladder would be let down and the angels would come again. But how can they, seeing the heart.

In some instances the bridge between a man's business life and his religious profession would have to be long enough to span hell. And yet strange to say, men who are otherwise intelligent seem to be unconscious of the monstrous delusion that if they are able to deceive men, they may deceive God also.

To be angered by criticism is pretty good evidence that we deserve it. Wise and strong is the man who can listen patiently, impartially and without irritation to what his most unsympathetic and unsparing critic can say about him or about his work.

Rev. John McNeil, the famous London evangelist, says: "It is nothing to give one-tenth when there are nine-tenths lying snugly behind. Call such a man a pillar of the church! He is a caterpillar." Caterpillars of this variety are very useful, however, and many a pastor wishes they were more numerous. Fact is they are somewhat rare.

Isn't it a beautiful thought that the gates of the heavenly city are on the north, the south, the east, and the west, so that no matter in what quarter of the compass, what corner of the world, you may be, you can go straight up before you into the New Jerusalem. You will not have to go a long way around to get there. But what a time the exclusive fellows will have keeping people out who do not believe their creed.

I saw a miller lift his gate and immediately power was manifested and that which is made bread became every moment more abundant and those who waited rejoiced. And I said here is a parable. There is a gate which we call consecration and thru that gate power comes into the world and the bread of life is provided for hungry souls and great is the joy of those who receive it.

There are two great facts of existence: intelligence and matter. Now the problem is: Did intelligence create matter, or did matter create intelligence? The theist accepts the first solution, the atheist and evolutionist the latter. Candidly now, which of the two parties shows the most sense? How could matter without intelligence know that it existed? or how could it create intelligence? or having created it, how could it know that it had created it? And not knowing that it had created intelligence, how could it claim that it had created it? Oh, the astonishing credulity of unbelief.

The recent great strikes in New York, Brooklyn and Cleveland have renewed the discussion of compulsory arbitration as the only effective remedy for these recurring disturbances. There are three parties to a great strike: the employer, the laborers, and the public. The latter often suffers more than the others, and the doctrine of compulsory arbitration is based upon the paramount rights of the community. But it also has a just basis in the inequalities between employer and laborer. All the power of money and all the arrogance of that power, is employed by the capitalist to crush out the discontent of the worker. The latter must work or starve and his sufferings, and the sufferings of his helpless women and children, are the most pitiable results of the strike.

Admiral Dewey with the strong good sense which seems to characterize him has declined the \$100,000 plate millionaire banquet tendered him by the rich men of New York, who hoped in this way to shine in his reflected glory. He accepts, however, the citi-

zens or municipal banquets offered him by several cities. Thus will the sovereign people welcome the returning conqueror. We are reminded of another banquet, not intended for the rich or the fortunate or the favorite of the world but for the conquerors of the world, the flesh and the devil. At that banquet Christ the Lord will serve. What joy will it be to be there.

General Haureaux, president of the negro republic of Santo Domingo, was assassinated last week. He was a very tyrannical ruler, who tho nominally the president of the republic was really a brutal autocrat who ruled by the terror of the sword. His tyranny led to his assassination, which furnishes another illustration of the exceeding folly of wickedness. "Whatsoever a man sows that will he also reap," is a philosophy which ought to be persistently inculcated into the mind. It ought to form an important part of the education of youth. Is it this kind of practical wisdom which ought to be the burden of more sermons. Teach your people the philosophy and modus-operandi of the moral law.

The Chicago police recently had an exciting chase of a wild bear in Lincoln Park. That the ferocious animal was at large in the beautiful park caused great consternation among the pedestrians, nurses and children who happened to be therein, and there was a lively scramble to reach places of safety. We are all familiar with the fact that wild and ferocious passions are often "at large" under an exterior of culture and refinement. Wild bears and other ferocious or filthy animals may roam around in our mind parks, imperiling whatever of our better nature remains, or whatever of our highest interests, or our welfare, may be exposed. Hunt them down and hunt them out. We ought to feel as much alarm when we discover the presence of some lurking sin in our hearts as if a wild animal with sharp claw and gleaming tooth had crept into our dwelling places.

Investigation proved that the trunk of a suicided Russian in New York contained a number of deadly bombs. Thus after he had guiltily left the world, there yet remained behind him instruments of destruction menacing the lives of others and liable to add yet a more fearful weight to the awful moral responsibility of the suicide. In this respect he reminds us of people of the Ingersol type who leave behind them deadly things, sophistries, lies, blasphemies, scoffings, well calculated to kill not the body but the soul. In Ingersol's case, however, an infernal machine more deadly than the Russian's bomb he left behind him, in the shape of his justification of suicide, which is known to have caused many self murders and will continue this diabolical work for ages to come. Think of the awful responsibility which rests upon that man, for it is an immutable law that evil will come back to him who wrought it.

The Spanish General Toral, who commanded at Santiago, is being tried by court martial for his surrender of that city to the American army. Poor fellow, he couldn't well help it. But let us be careful that there will be no occasion for us to be tried for surrender when the last day arrives. We are engaged in a warfare where it is better to die than to surrender.

The Divine Musician

It is said that Mendelssohn came to see the great Freiburg organ. The old custodian refused him permission to play upon the instrument, not knowing who he was. At length, he reluctantly granted him leave to play a few notes. Mendelssohn took his seat, and soon the most wonderful music was breaking forth from the organ. The custodian was spellbound. He came up beside the great musician and asked his name. Learning it, he stood humiliated, self-condemned, saying, "And I refused you permission to play on my organ!"

There comes One to us and desires to take our life and play upon it. But we withhold ourself from him, and refuse him permission, when if we would yield ourself to him, he would bring from our soul heavenly music.—*Ex.*